LITTLE BOOKS
FOR AFRICA

THE LEOPARD AND THE GOAT

Mrs. Baskerville

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THE LEOPARD AND THE GOAT

AND OTHER ANIMAL STORIES
FROM UGANDA

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE LEOPARD AND THE GOAT	3
THE ELEPHANT THAT WANTED TO DANCE	6
WHY THE BAT SLEEPS ALL DAY	10
THE TWO FRIENDS	12
THE COCK AND THE HEN	18
THE FAIRY FOXES	20
THE LION, THE HYENA, AND THE HARE	23
HOW THE HARE TRADED	26

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THE LEOPARD AND THE GOAT AND THEIR FRIENDS

ONCE upon a time a leopard and a goat were great friends, and they lived together, and the leopard had two little cubs and the goat had two little kids, and the children played together and were very happy. But every day the kids grew fatter and fatter, and every day the cubs grew thinner and thinner, and the leopard became very jealous and began to hate the goat.

At last she thought of a wicked plan; she said to the goat: "My cousins who live across the valley are making a big feast this afternoon and I have promised them a surprise; will you go to the barkcloth makers and buy me a very beautiful cloth to wear at the feast?"

While the goat was away the leopard caught the two little kids and tied their mouths to keep them from crying out, and made them into a parcel packed in wide banana-leaves tied up with fibre, and he brought the parcel and put it down in the courtyard.

Now the wild cat and the guinea-fowl were great friends, and they often visited the leopard and the goat, and it so happened that they were passing through the garden and saw what the leopard did, but they hid behind a tree and said nothing.

When the leopard returned to the house they followed her as if they had only just arrived, and the leopard greeted them and told them about the feast.

Just then the goat returned, and the leopard took the barkcloth and went to dress.

Then the wild cat and the guinea-fowl told the

goat what they had seen in the garden, and they all three went quickly to the parcel and released the poor little kids, and they caught the leopard cubs and tied *them* up, and put *them* into a parcel, and put the parcel back where it was before in the courtyard.

When the leopard was dressed in the new bark-cloth she came in feeling very grand, and said to the goat:

"Will you carry that parcel for me? It is my contribution to the feast, and a *great* surprise for my cousins." So the goat took up the parcel, and the wild cat and the guinea-fowl said:

"We will go with you across the valley."

As they went they asked each other riddles.

The goat asked: "What is it that goes the same journey every day?" And the wild cat guessed: "The sun."

Then she asked: "What is it that has no feet and yet travels all over the country?" And the guinea-fowl guessed: "Dried fish."

Then she asked a riddle: "In what land are there no women, only men?" This they discussed for some time, and the guinea-fowl told them: "A patch of Indian corn," for all the corn cobs have long beards, like old men. The wild cat didn't think this a very good riddle, but the goat did.

The leopard guessed nothing, and being rather cross, she said:

"You all think you are very clever to-day." And the goat said:

"We are cleverer today than we have ever been before, but we shall have to be cleverer still before the sun goes down."

When they reached the village across the valley the leopard said to his cousins:

"I have brought you a most beautiful stew: it must be cooked just as it is, tied up in banana-leaves.

Do not open it until it is cooked, and you will be very surprised when you see the contents."

So they put the parcel into a big cooking-pot, and the three friends ran very quickly home, and the wild cat and the guinea-fowl helped the goat pack up all her things, and they took the two little kids and fled to the forest and made a new home there, for they knew now that the leopard hated them and would kill them all when she found out the trick they had played her.

Meanwhile at the leopard's feast the guests were getting hungry, and at last the stew was cooked, and they all sat down and undid the parcel, wondering what the great surprise would be, and what did they see but two poor little cooked leopard cubs.

They were very angry with the leopard and said: "You heartless creature to cook your own children." The leopard cried:

"I did not cook them, the goat has played me a trick; let us go and kill her and her kids."

So all the leopards went across the valley with their cousin, but the goat and her kids had gone away long before they reached the house, and they never caught them, and since that day leopards and goats have hated each other.

Afterwards the wild cat and the guinea-fowl had a quarrel, and became enemies, but that is rather a spiteful story, so I won't tell it to you; they said dreadful things to each other which are best forgotten.

THE ELEPHANT THAT WANTED TO DANCE

ONCE upon a time the big grey elephant gave a great feast and invited all the animals in the Mabira Forest to come to a beautiful glade (that no *man* had ever seen), and there they feasted in the moonlight and sang songs and made jokes and danced. There was one little hare who danced better than any other animal, and the big grey elephant said:

"Little hare, you are a marvel, you dance like a sunbeam."

There was a foolish young elephant at the feast, and he watched the hare dancing to and fro, and up in the air, and he wished he could dance too. He thought so much about it that for some days after the feast he was quite ill and he did not sleep at night, and at last his mother asked him:

"Have you any sorrow, my child?"

He did not like to tell even his mother what was worrying him, but he went off alone to the hare's house and implored him to teach him to dance. The hare was very surprised, and did not know what to say at first. He looked at the elephant's heavy legs, and he said kindly, "One must begin very young to dance; you elephants can do so many clever things which the other animals cannot do. I don't think it would suit your figure to dance." So the young elephant went sorrowfully home. When the other hares heard of his visit they laughed very much, for who had ever heard of an elephant dancing? A week passed, and the young elephant invited the hare to

his house. He gave him a beautiful dinner and then said:

"I *must* learn to dance. I think of this all day, and I dream of it all night. You must teach me to dance."

The hare looked at him in despair. "Your legs are too heavy," he said at last, "your hind legs are much too heavy." Then he went home rather annoyed. Again the elephant sent for him, but this time the hare would not go. He sent a message, saying:

"If you can get a doctor to cut off some of your heavy flanks, so that you will be lighter on your feet, I will try and teach you to dance."

The foolish elephant called in an ape, who professed to be a great doctor, and the ape cut all the flesh off his hind legs until only the bones were left and sewed the skin up again. The elephant sent the meat to the hare with a message:

"Now you will see that I am in earnest. When my legs have healed up we will begin the dancing lessons."

The hares laughed and laughed when they got the message; but they said, "Well, anyway, we will have a good feast." So they sent for all their relations and had a big dinner of elephant steak with sem-sem sauce.

A few days afterwards the elephant sent an antelope with a message, "I am very ill indeed, my legs do not heal up, and my doctor thinks he had better sew on the flesh he cut off, so will you please send it back by the antelope."

What was to be done? Some of the steak remained over from the feast, but they could not send it back, for it had been cooked. The dancing hare said to the antelope, "Stay here and dine with us, and afterwards we will talk over the business."

He said this to gain time and think of a plan. When the antelope tasted the elephant steak, he said, "This is very good meat; what is it?" And the hare said, "Little rock conies that we catch on the hillside; if you like we will hunt some before you go home."

The antelope was delighted, and they set off; but the hare led him to a pit trap, and he fell in and was killed. When the antelope did not return the elephant sent a buffalo with the same message, and the hares played the same trick on him.

The young elephant was very ill indeed, but when the buffalo did not return he made a last effort and sent a crafty old leopard. None of the forest animals like the leopards very much, for they have such bad manners, and the leopard would not have gone on any message for anyone, but he was a little afraid to refuse the young elephant, who was a relation of the King of the Forest, so, *very grumpily*, he agreed to go.

The hares were terrified when they saw him coming, and the old mother hare said, "I suppose we *must* give him dinner; but I don't like it a bit, his table manners are awful."

The leopard gave the young elephant's message, sniffing and snuffling as he spoke and stopping every now and then to give a little grunt, and the hares kept up their courage all through dinner, and the dancing hare led him to the trap. The leopard had seen many traps, and he sniffed suspiciously round this one. Then he snarled at the hare. "You young villain," he cried, "I can see what you have done to the other messengers." He turned suddenly round in great anger, all his teeth bared, and would have caught the dancing hare, but he slipped away and ran down the hillside. There was a river at the bottom of the hill, and the hare ran in and out of the papyrus

clumps where the leopard could not follow him, then he let himself down into a water hole till he was quite wet, and ran back again. The leopard had lost the scent entirely, and was running up and down the bank sniffing and grunting. When he saw the hare so wet that his fur looked like a black rag he thought it was some queer creature that lived in the swamp. "Little wet animal," he cried, "have you seen a hare anywhere about?"

"No," answered the hare, "they seldom come here; they live in the forests."

"I know that; you are stupid!" said the leopard rudely; and as the sun was setting and he was very hungry, he hurried back to tell the elephant his story; but when he arrived near home, he found much sorrow in the forest, for the poor foolish elephant was dead. And though the hares were really very sorry (for they loved their King, the big grey elephant, whose relation the young one was), yet they felt it really was his own fault for being so silly, and for believing anything an ape said; for no one in the forest, who has any sense, takes the advice of an ape.

WHY THE BAT SLEEPS ALL THROUGH THE DAY AND ONLY GOES OUT AT NIGHT

AFTER Nambi had gone to live on the Earth her father Gulu, the King of the Cloud Land, called a great council together, and gave presents to all his friends.

Those who lived far away were called by special messengers, and he sent the Bat to call the Sun, and the Dove to call the Moon. The Dove is a sweet obedient creature, and it flew away swiftly, and the Moon arrived in good time for the Council. But the Bat is a lazy good-for-nothing tramp, and he dawdled on the road and played at every turning, and the time passed, and all the guests were assembled, and yet the Sun did not come.

Then the King sent the Dove to call the Sun, and he came very quickly, but the Council had already begun. The Sun explained that the first message had never reached him, and when the King sent to find the Bat, he was brought in tied up like a prisoner. The Sun was very angry and said: "If ever I see you again I will kill you."

Then the King gave the Moon a beautiful cloak of silver and said: "Go and shine on the Earth where Nambi is, so that if she wants to walk at night, she may have your light; and all Nambi's children will love you and rejoice when they see you, and beat drums and make music, and all people on the Earth shall praise you and sing songs to you."

And to the Sun the King said: "I give you a cloak of gold. Wrap it round you all day so that

Nambi and her children may not be scorched by your rays. Shine every day on the Earth, and make the trees and gardens and flowers grow, and make the children healthy and strong!"

When the Council was over and all the guests had received their presents, the Sun went out to find the Bat, but he had run away and hidden himself, and no one could find him. To this day the bats hide all through the day under the roofs of houses and in dark corners, and when they see the Sun sinking behind the horizon they peep out, but they know it is not safe to come out of their hiding-places before the Sun has disappeared. And they tell their children and their grandchildren, and in the early dawn, when the first streaks of light appear in the East, all the bats hurry home to their dark corners and stay there snug and safe all day.

But if any foolish young bat stays out too long and the Sun sees him he kills him; for he remembers how the Bat made him late for the King's Council when he might have lost his beautiful present of a golden mantle.

THE STORY OF THE TWO FRIENDS

ONCE upon a time there was a potter and his wife who had one child, a little boy, and as he grew older they were grieved to see that he was different from all other children.

He never played with them, or laughed, or sang; he just sat alone by himself, he hardly ever spoke to his parents, and he never learnt the nice polite manners of the other children in the village. He sat and thought all day, and no one knew what he thought about, and his parents were very sad.

The other women tried to comfort the potter's wife. They said: "Perhaps you will have another baby, and it will be like other children." But she said: "I don't want another baby; I want this one to be nice." And the men of the village tried to cheer the potter. "Queer boys often become great men," they said. And one old man said: "Leave the boy alone; we shall see whether he is a wise man or a fool."

The potter went home and told his wife what the men had said, and the boy heard him, and it seemed to wake him up, and he thought it over for a few days, and at last one morning at dawn he took his stick in his hand and went into the forest to think there.

All day he wandered about, and at last he came to a little clearing on the side of a hill from which he could look down over the country. The Sun was setting over the distant blue hills, and everything was touched with a pink and golden light, and deep shadows lay on the banana gardens and forests in the distance, but the boy saw none of these things; he was footsore and weary and miserable, and he sat

down on a fallen log, tired out with his long day. Suddenly a lion came out on to the clearing.

"What are you doing here all alone?" he said severely.

"I am very miserable," said the boy, "and I have come into the forest to think, for I do not know whether I am a wise man or a fool."

"Is that all you think about?" said the lion.

"Yes," answered the boy, "I think about it night and day."

"Then you are a fool," said the lion decidedly. "Wise men think about things that benefit the country." And he walked away.

An antelope came bounding out on the clearing and stopped to stare at the boy.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I am very miserable," answered the boy; "I don't know whether I am a wise man or a fool."

"Do you ever eat anything?" said the antelope.

"Yes," said the boy, "my mother cooks twice a day, and I eat."

"Do you ever thank her?" said the antelope.

"No, I have never thought of that," answered the boy.

"Then you are a fool," said the antelope. "Wise men are always grateful." And he bounded off into the forest again.

Then a leopard came up and looked suspiciously at him.

"What are you doing here?" he asked crossly.

"I am very miserable," answered the boy; "I don't know if I am a wise man or a fool."

"Do they love you in your village?" asked the leopard.

"No, I don't think they do," said the boy. "I am not like other boys. I don't know them very well."

"Then you are a fool," said the leopard. "*All*

boys are nice; I often wish *I* were a boy; wise men mix with their fellows and earn their respect." And he walked off sniffing.

Just then the big grey elephant came shuffling along the forest path, swinging his tail as he walked, and picking a twig here and a leaf there as he passed under the trees.

"What are you doing here all alone in the jungle when the Sun is setting?" he asked. "You should be at home in your village."

"I am very miserable," said the boy. "I don't know if I am a wise man or a fool."

"What work do you do?" asked the elephant.

"I don't do any work," said the boy.

"Then you are a fool," said the elephant. "All wise men work." And he swung away down the path which leads to the pool in the forest where the animals go to drink, and the boy put his head down in his hands and cried bitterly, as if his heart would break, for he did not know what to do.

After a little while he heard a gentle voice by his side: "My little brother, do not cry so; tell me your trouble." The boy raised his tear-stained face and saw a little hare standing by his side.

"I am very miserable," he said. "I am not like other people, and nobody loves me. I came into the forest to find out whether I am a wise man or a fool, and all the animals tell me I am a fool." And he put his head in his hands again and cried more bitterly than ever.

The hare let him cry on for a little while, and then he said: "My little brother, do not cry any more. What the animals have told you is true; they have told you to think great thoughts, to be grateful and kind to others, and, above all, to work. All these things are great and wise. The animals are never idle, and they marvel to see how men,

with all their gifts, waste their lives. Think how surprised they are to see a boy like you, well and strong, doing nothing all day, for they know that the world is yours if you will make it so."

The Sun had set behind the distant hills and the soft darkness was falling quickly over the forest, and the hare said: "Soon it will be chilly here; you are tired and hungry, and far from your village; come and spend the night in my home and we will talk of all these things.

So they went into the forest again, and the hare brought the boy water in a gourd and wonderful nuts to eat, and made him a soft bed of dry leaves.

And they talked of many things till the boy said: "My father is a potter, and I think I should like to be a potter too." If you are, you must never be content with poor work," said the hare. "Your pottery must be the best in the country; never rest until you can make really beautiful things; no man has any right to send imperfect work out into the world." "Nobody will believe in me when I go home; they will think I am mad," said the boy. And the little hare answered: "Man's life is like a river, which flows always on and on; what is past is gone for ever, but there is clear water behind; no man can say it is too late, and you are only a boy with your life before you."

"They will laugh at me," said the boy.

"Wise men don't mind that," said the hare; "only fools are discouraged by laughter; you must prove to them that you are not a fool. I will teach you a song to sing at your work; it will encourage you:

"When the shadows have melted in silver dawn,
Farewell to my dreams of play.
The forest is full of a waking throng,
And the tree-tops ring with the birds' new song,
And the flowers awake from their slumber long,
And the world is mine to-day.

"My feet are sure and my hands are strong.
Let me labour and toil while I may.
When the Sun shall set in a sea of light,
And the shadows lengthen far into the night,
I shall take the rest which is mine by right,
For I'll win the world today."

In the early morning the hare went with the boy to the edge of the forest and they swore an oath of friendship, which is as sacred in the jungle as among men, and the hare said:

"Come back sometimes and see me, and we will spend a long day together in the forest. Come to this place and sing my song, and the birds will tell me you are there if I am too far away to hear."

So the boy went back to his village, and he found his mother digging in the garden, and he knelt down and greeted her as all nice Baganda children do, and he saw how pleased she was. Then he went to his father, and said: "I want to be a potter; teach me your work and I will try to learn it." And the potter was very much pleased to think that he would have a son to take on his trade after him, and all the people in the village heard and they rejoiced with the potter and his wife.

And the boy worked hard, and in after years he became a famous potter, and people came from all parts of the country to buy his pottery, for everyone knew that he never sold anything that was not beautiful and well made.

He made beautiful black pottery, and sometimes he put a design in white on it, and everything he made was good.

But sometimes the old black moods would return and he would feel sick of his work and all the people round him, and then he would go away at dawn to the edge of the forest and sing the hare's song, and the little hare would come running down the forest

path, and the two friends would spend a long day together, while the man would shake out his heart and all its sorrows to the hare, and he never failed to get love and comfort and encouragement in return, and went back to his work full of hope.

"Am I a wise man or a fool?"
Asked the potter's son

THE STORY OF THE COCK AND THE HEN

ONCE upon a time in the very old days the cock and the hen were jungle fowl, and did not know village life at all; they lived in the jungle and were feared by all the animals, because they had large red combs on their heads, and they said that these combs were full of fire.

Now all animals are very much afraid of fire, so the cock and the hen ruled the jungle, because if ever one of the animals displeased them they said: "If you do not do what I want I will burn you with my comb. Do you not see that it is red-hot?"

One day the old mother leopard came home and found that the fire in the kitchen had gone out, and she said to her little cub: "Run to the cock's house and ask him to give you a few glowing bits of charcoal to make our fire."

The cub went obediently, but he found the cock and the hen both sound asleep, and he was afraid to wake them.

The mother leopard said: "Take a little dry grass and creep up softly to the cock and light the grass from his comb. But the cub was afraid to go alone, so his mother went with him, and they crept up to the sleeping cock and hen and gently put the dry grass against their combs, but it did not light, and the grass was not even scorched, and the mother leopard put out her paw and touched them, and the combs were quite cold, although they looked red-hot.

Then she knew that the cock and hen had been telling lies all these years, and she roared with laughter and woke them up, and she said: "Now I know that you don't tell the truth; your combs are

quite cold; there is no fire in them; the animals will not fear you any more; I am going to tell them all about it."

The cock and hen did not wait to hear what the jungle thought about it; they packed up their things and ran away to the village, and since that day they never returned to the jungle. They have always lived with men, and they like being safely shut up at night for even now the leopards have not forgotten, and kill them if they find them out at night.

THE STORY OF THE FAIRY FOXES

A LONG time ago there was a King of Uganda who wanted to make a *Zoo*, and he called all his chiefs together and told them to bring animals of every kind from the forests and jungles and swamps.

Then he planted a beautiful garden and put cages into it, and people came from all over the country to see it. But the animals were very miserable; night and day they thought of their homes, and they hated having food brought to them instead of hunting for it themselves, and they hated having water brought to them in water-pots instead of drinking it from the deep forest pools, but no one was sorry for them except the King's dwarf, and he had lived in the jungle and knew their language.

One day when the King was walking in his *Zoo* and the dwarf was with him, he said:

"Am I not a great King? No one has ever made a *Zoo* like this before, in which all the animals of the country are collected together." But the dwarf said:

"All the animals are not here; there is one animal which lives in the Mukono Forest which no chief has brought, because, though it cries all night and everyone hears it, no man has ever seen it. Some people say it is a bat, and some say it is a sloth, and some say it is a fairy fox with wings made of the night mists."

When the King heard this he said:

"I will not be beaten by any animal; I will go to Mukono and fetch this fairy animal myself." So he sent for Sekibobo the chief and told him to build a big encampment near the forest, and the men worked

night and day till it was finished. Then the King and his whole court went to Mukono.

For three months the King lived in the encampment, and every night he went into the forest, but though he heard the fairy foxes crying all round him he never saw one. Sometimes the sound came from above his head, but there was nothing there; and sometimes it came from the ground at his feet, but there was nothing there; and sometimes to the right hand and sometimes to the left, but nothing was there; and the people called them "enjoga," which means "bullies," because they teased the King every night.

At last the time came to return to the capital, and the King sat sadly in his house, and the dwarf sat near him and said:

"Why is the King so sad?" And the King answered:

"I am sorry I have no fairy fox for my *Zoo*, but there is another reason. I have learnt to love the beautiful forests and jungles and the deep glades and shady paths and water pools, and the moonlight nights are never so lovely in the capital as they are in the country, and I am sad that I must leave it all and return."

Then the dwarf said: "If you are so sad at leaving the country after only three months, how much more sad must the animals be, for this is their home, and in your wonderful *Zoo* they are only prisoners."

When the King heard that he was thoughtful and silent for some time, and then he called Sekibobo and said: "Send a messenger quickly to the capital and tell the Katikiro that all the animals in the *Zoo* are to be sent home, everyone to his own forest or jungle or swamp." "I will have no more prisoners," he said.

And now there is a broad road which goes from

Kampala to Jinja and passes quite near to the Mukono Forest, and if you go there you will hear the "enjoga" crying in the forest all night, but no one has ever seen them. Some people say they are bats, and some say they are sloths, and some say they are fairy foxes with wings made of the night mists.

THE LION, THE HYENA, AND THE HARE

Of all the animals in the forest the hare is the wisest, and the animals all know this.

Most of the animals hunt at night and sleep during the day, but the hare sleeps all night in his cosy little house and spends the day wide awake learning things. Sometimes he hides under a bush or the thick grass by the roadside, and his bright little eyes see all that passes, and he knows all about men and their customs, and he has learnt their language, so he understands what they are talking about.

In Uganda there is a great forest called the Mabira Forest, and once upon a time the animals in it were very unhappy, for they were ruled over by an old king lion who was fierce and cruel, and had only one friend in the forest, the hyena, who always went hunting with him and ate up any scraps the king lion left.

The hyena was a good-for-nothing, useless creature, who never did anything for anybody, a stupid animal with no brains and an idiotic laugh which all the other animals found most annoying.

Of all the creatures in the forests the one who hated him most was the hare.

Every night when he had settled down to sleep the lion would come by roaring on his way to hunt, and when he had passed and the hare had cuddled down again to sleep the hyena would pass, laughing in his silly way.

At last the animals could stand it no longer, and the hare thought of a plan to be rid of both of them.

"Sir," he said to the king lion, "I have bought a

piece of land and want to farm it, but I am a weak and foolish creature; will you go into partnership with me and protect me?" The lion consented, for he thought in his cruel heart: "If there is any trouble I will eat up the hare and the land will be mine.

"Let us have the hyena as third partner," said the hare; "he is so wise and so much respected in the forest."

The hyena was very much pleased, for he was too stupid to see that this was only flattery; he just laughed.

"Let us go and see this land at once," said the lion. So they started out.

"It is very dull just walking along," said the hare; "let us play a game as we go."

"What game can we play?" said the lion crossly. "All games are so silly."

"I know a nice game," said the hare. "If anyone trips he must tell the others what he was thinking about, and if it isn't interesting they will eat him."

The two partners agreed, for they knew the little hare couldn't eat *them*.

On they went, and suddenly the hare tripped.

"What were you thinking about?" said the lion.

"I was thinking," said the hare, "how the rocks grow. Is there as much under the ground as above?"

"That is a great thought," said the lion; "anyone might trip thinking that." So they went on.

Suddenly the hare tripped again. "What were you thinking about?" they asked him. "I was thinking," said the hare, "what happens to all the barkcloths. Every year the cloth-makers take the bark from the tree, and hammer it into barkcloth with mallets, and dry it in the Sun, and every year people buy new barkcloths. There must be thousands

and thousands of barkcloths in the country; one would think they would be lying about in heaps, but it is not so."

"That is a great idea," said the lion, "and enough to make anyone trip."

The hyena just laughed, and they went on again. Suddenly the hyena tripped.

"What were you thinking of?" they asked. But the hyena had never thought of anything in his life; he just laughed in his silly way, and the lion said: "We will eat him now, I am hungry." But the hare said: "You may have my share; I don't eat hyenas," and he lay down and rested in the cool grass while the lion ate up his only friend.

When they started off again the hare said: "There is a hill over there from which there is a lovely view right over the River Nile, but I don't think we have time to go there."

"If I say there is time there *is* time," said the lion. "Let us go at once." So they began to climb the hill. At the top there were two great rocks with a narrow path between them, and the hare ran ahead to show the way, and the lion followed, but he was so fat after his big meal that he got stuck halfway through, and the hare rolled down a rock from above to block the path behind him, and the lion could not go either backwards or forwards, and he roared with rage.

Then the hare ran back to the forest and called the other animals to come to kill the lion, but when they arrived they found him dead. Then they all returned rejoicing, and chose the big grey elephant to be their king, and for many years there was peace and happiness in the Mabira Forest.

HOW THE HARE TRADED WITH A BAG OF CORN

THE big grey elephant and the hare were great friends, and they decided to make a wheat farm together on the hare's land.

But when they began the work was too heavy for the little hare, and he said: "You do all the clearing and I will sow the seed."

So the elephant cleared the land with his trunk, and ploughed it with his tusks, and broke up the big lumps of earth with his feet, and when the ground was ready he gave the hare the corn to sow. But the hare's hands were so small he could not manage it, and he said: "You sow the seed; I will do the weeding." So the elephant did the sowing; but when it came to weeding the hare was so slow that the elephant said: "I will do the weeding; you shall do the harvesting." And when the harvest was ripe the hare had fever, so the elephant did all the work and they sold the corn in the market for a good price.

Then the hare said: "How can I take my share when I did none of the work? Give me some corn and I will go and trade with it."

So the elephant gave him a handful of corn, and he put it in his little white bag and went off on the road to the capital to make his fortune. The first person he met was a very hungry guinea-fowl, and directly he showed him the corn he gobbled it up.

Then the hare sat down and pretended to cry: "Oh, what shall I do? That corn was not mine; it belonged to the big grey elephant." Then the guinea-fowl said: "I will give you an egg; go and

trade with that, it is more valuable than the corn."

So the hare went on till he came to a place where wild plums grew, and some men had made a heap of stones and were throwing them up at the plums.

The hare put the egg carefully down on the heap of stones and went to pick up plums, when one of the men, without looking, picked up the egg and threw it instead of a stone, and it broke. The hare pretended to cry: "Oh, what shall I do? The egg was not mine; the guinea-fowl gave it to me because he ate the corn which belonged to the big grey elephant. What shall I trade with now?" The men said: "You may keep the plums you have picked up and trade with them."

So the hare went on till he came to a hornbill sitting on the branch of a cedar-tree by the roadside, and making the most awful noise, like three old crows cawing together.

Now once upon a time the hornbill had quite a nice voice, but she was so vain about it, and was always trying to sing such high top notes, that her voice broke, and unfortunately all her children inherited it, and now they are for ever telling the other birds and animals what a beautiful voice their mother once had, and how much it was admired, and all the jungle is tired of hearing about it.

The hare greeted her politely and told her of his adventures, and the hornbill said: "Well, you won't get much for wild plums in this country; give them to me and take in exchange two of my beautiful tail feathers."

She gave him two large black-and-white feathers, and while the hare was tucking them into his bag she began: "Once I had an exquisite voice and was much admired." The little hare didn't wait to hear the old story all over again; he just waved his hand

and ran down the road. Before long he came to a river, and as he stooped down to drink the feathers fell out of his bag into the water and were carried away by the current.

The hare wrung his hands on the bank. "Oh, river, he cried, "give me back my feathers!" But the Fairy of the River far below in the deep water called back to him: "A river is like the life of man; it never returns. What is past is done; take some of my pure water and trade with that."

So the hare filled his little water-bottle and went on till he came to a blacksmith's forge, but the blacksmiths were all sitting under a tree and doing no work. "Why do you not work?" asked the hare.

"We have no water for the forge," answered the blacksmiths. Give us the water in your bottle, and you shall have an axe."

So the hare gave them the water and went on his way, carrying the axe, until he came to a market-place where the butcher had killed a cow, but he could not cut up the meat, for his knife was broken.

"Give me your axe," he cried when he saw the hare, "and I will give you the cow's head."

So the hare gave him the axe and went on down the road dragging the cow's head after him till he came to a marsh on the borders of a big river. On the banks were herds of cattle, and the herdsmen were resting under the palm-trees near the marsh.

The little hare was hot and weary, and tired of dragging the heavy head, so he sat down and thought out a trick to make his fortune. He pulled the cow's head after him over the marsh and fixed it firmly between two tufts of reeds.

Then he ran along the river bank, crying: "Help! Help! Help!" The herdsmen came running up when they heard his cries.

"Look!" cried the hare, "the cow is drowning in the marsh. I am the servant of the big grey elephant, and that is his cow. I was going to trade with it, but now it is drowning. What shall I do?"

The herdsmen were very sorry for him, but they said: "We cannot cross the marsh to pull it out, we shall sink in ourselves, but you can run across with a rope and tie it to the cow's horns and then we will pull it out for you."

So one of them ran for a rope, and the hare crossed the marsh lightly to the cow's head and tied it to the horns, and the herdsmen pulled and suddenly the head came out with a jerk. "See what you have done!" cried the little hare. "You have pulled the head off the big grey elephant's cow." But the herdsman laughed very much, for they saw the trick he had played on them, and they said: "Oh, little hare, we have often heard of you; stay with us in the kraals to-night and tell us stories of the jungle and forest, and to-morrow we will give you a cow."

So the hare slept that night in the kraals with Kasanke the little red bird whom the cows love, and told the herdsmen many strange tales of life in the Mabira Forest, and the next morning they gave him a beautiful white cow with long horns.

And he went home driving his cow before him, and the big grey elephant was pleased and praised him very much, and they were greater friends than ever.

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